

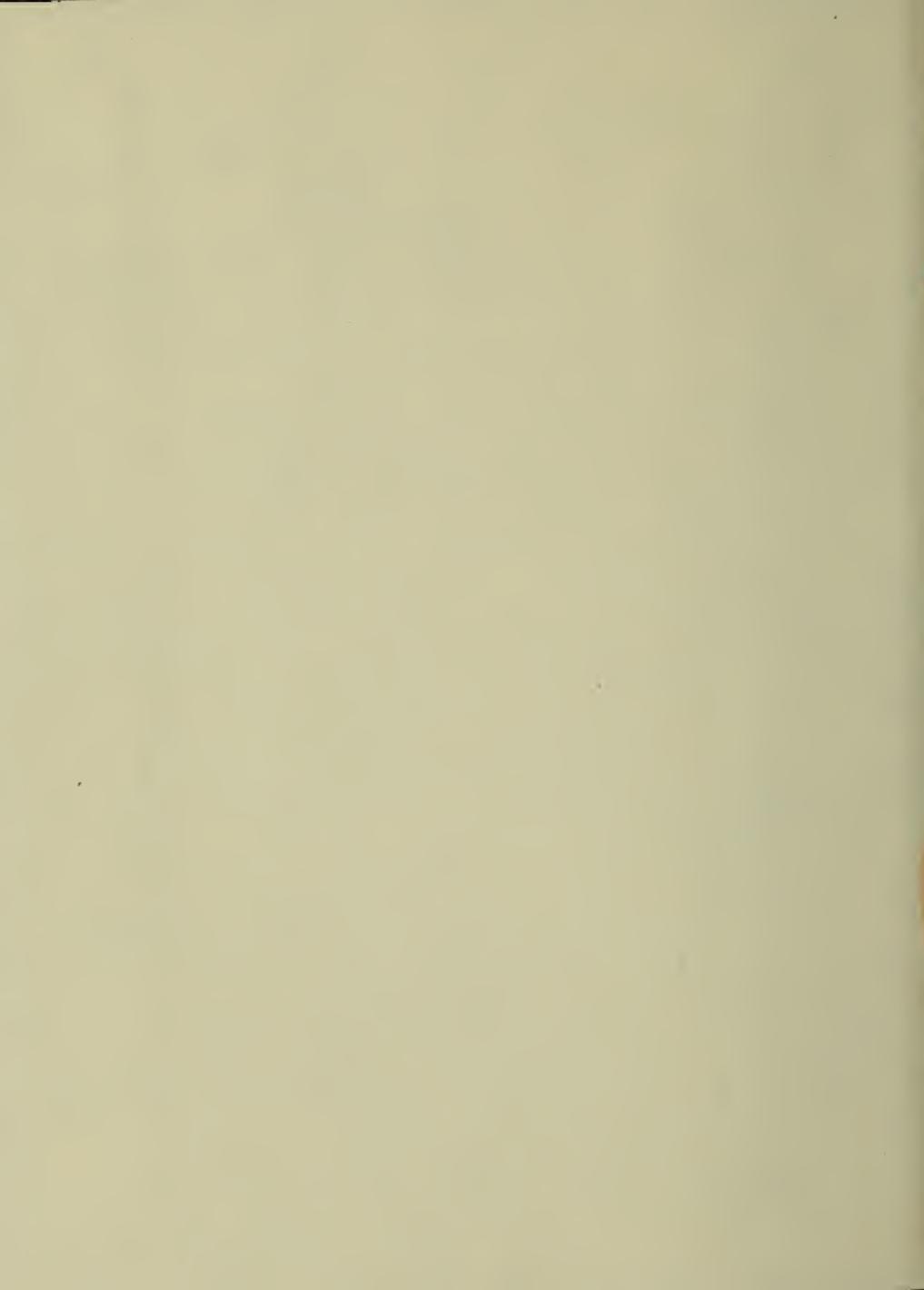
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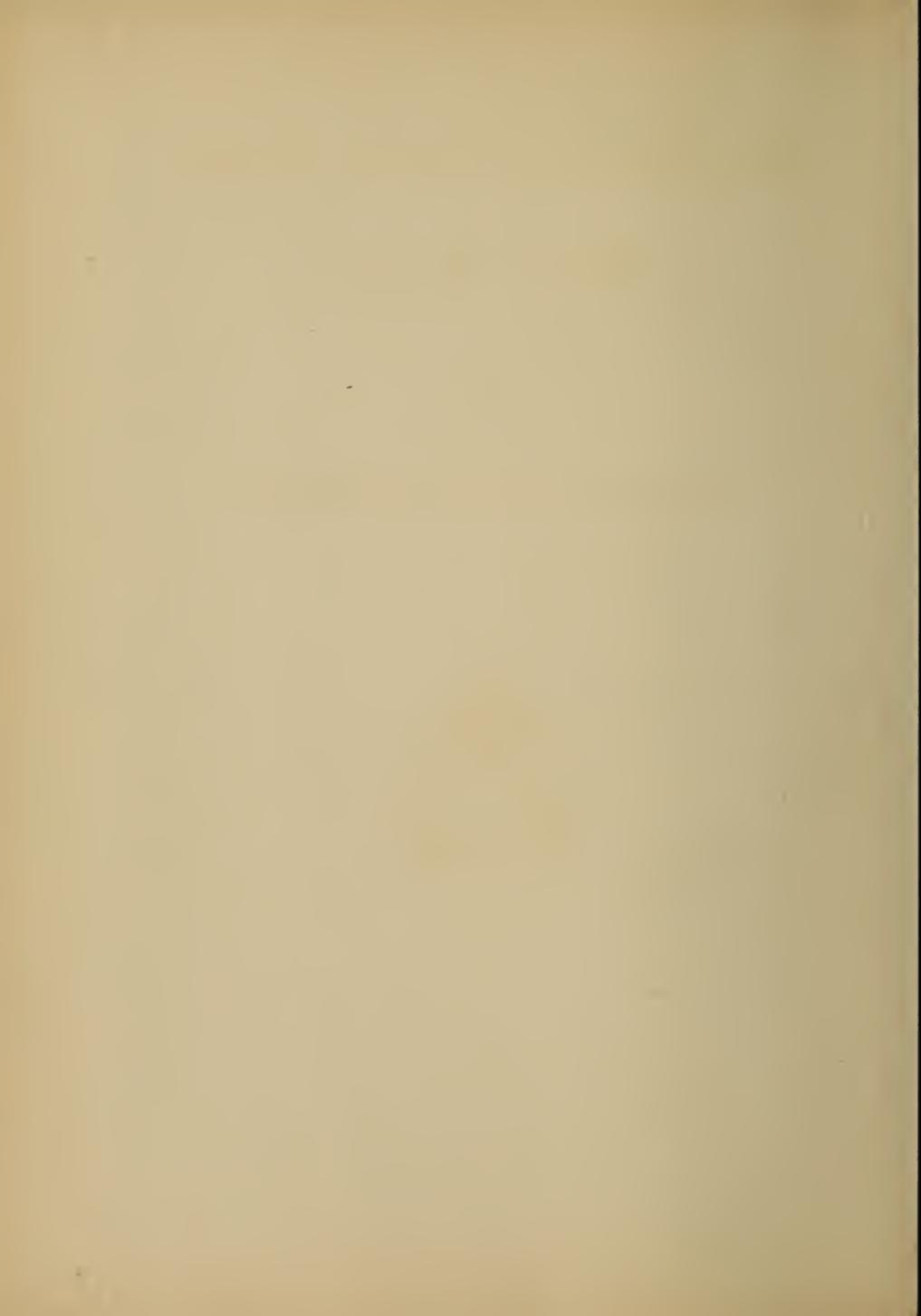
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1910









The Lane to Sleepy Town
and
Other Verses

BY

ELIZABETH HAYS WILKINSON



A. D. 1066



REED AND WITTING, PITTSBURGH
1910

PS3545

I39L3
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TO

MY MOTHER

WHO GAVE ME A HAPPY CHILDHOOD

AND TO

MY THREE LITTLE FRIENDS

VIRGINIA SUTTON

CHARLES SEELY

ROBERT SEELY

WHO ARE NOW IN THEIR PLAYTIME

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
SARAH McILVAINE SEELY

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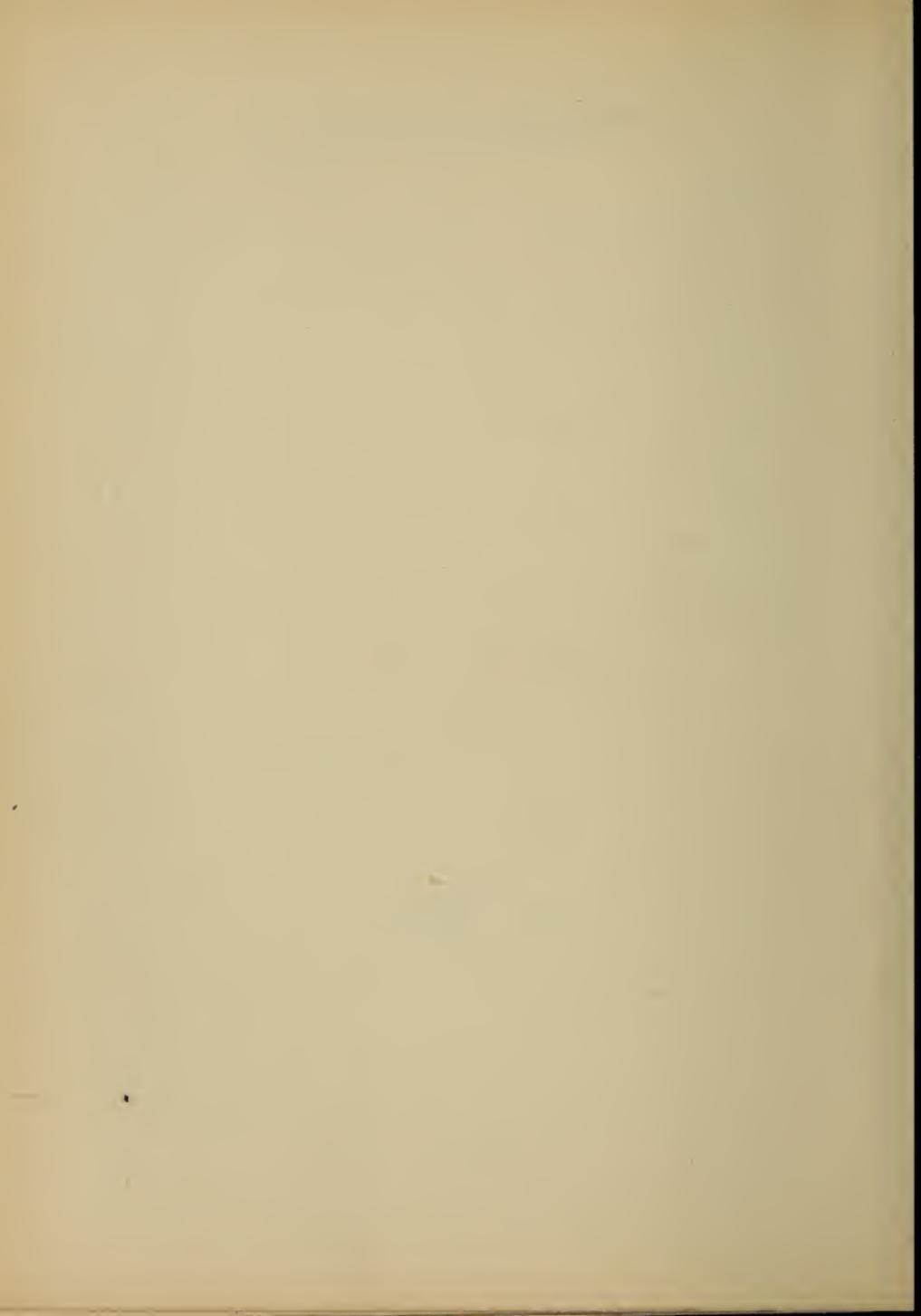
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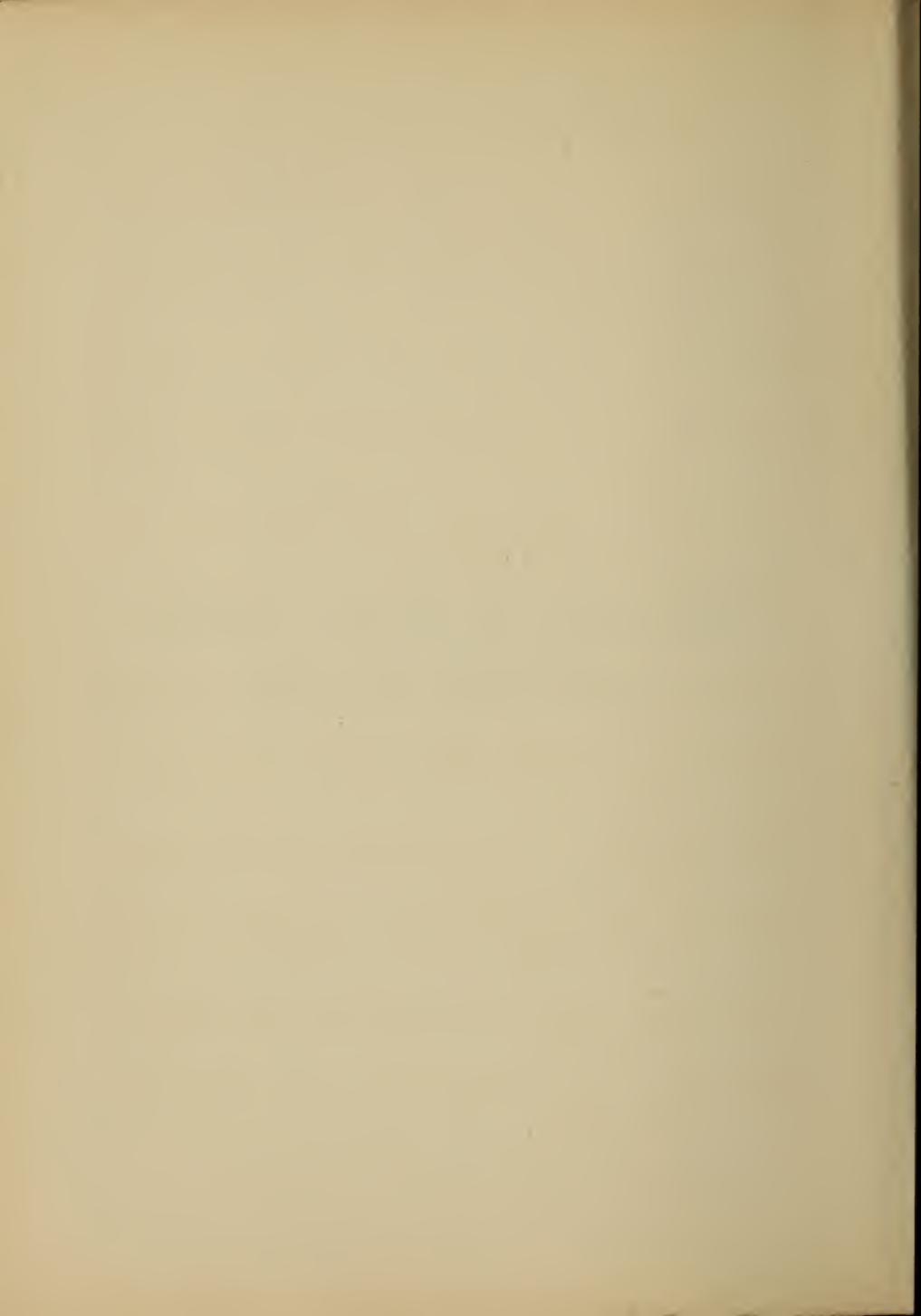
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THE LANE TO SLEEPY TOWN
and OTHER VERSES



THE LANE TO SLEEPY TOWN

Far down the lane, the dusky lane, that leads
to Sleepy Town,
I travel slowly every night just when the sun
goes down.

I see bold dragons by the way, or soldiers
brave and tall;
But when I try to speak to them they're never
there at all!

The goblins queer peep from the trees, and
laughing fairies, too;
Then often as I ride along, a witch pops
into view.

The princess whom I love the best bows merrily
to me;
Aladdin chases Robin Hood for bow and arrows
three.

Tom Thumb is in my pony's ear and guides
him on the road;
We pass the naughty little boy that's turned
into a toad.

Each night I mean to capture gay Tom Tucker
or Bo-Peep;
But always at the long lane's end, I find I'm
fast asleep.

DAYS TO COME

SO many tales await for me
To tell and read contentedly ;
So many people I shall know
As onward through the world I go ;
So many places to explore
Lie hidden safe on every shore ;
It seems I cannot be too glad
That I was born a little lad—
The world's so wondrous and so fair,
And filled with magic everywhere.

LETTERS

THE postman brings us letters from our
friends across the sea;

And often there is tucked inside, a little kiss
for me.

It stays safe in the corner underneath a tiny
cross,

No matter how the winds may blow, or how the
ship may toss.

THE CLOCK

THE faithful clock is my best friend,
It always thinks of me;
It tells me when my lessons end,
And when 'tis time for tea.

It counts the hours as they pass
All through the busy day;
It's always watching through the glass
Lest one should get away.

And even in the quiet night,
When shadows round it creep,
It stays on guard until the light,
And calls me from my sleep.

THE GRAPE ARBOR

BENEATH the arbor, arched and low,
The dancing sunbeams come and go.
They shyly touch my face and dress
For just a moment in caress.
The shadows chase them in and out,
A merry game is theirs, no doubt.

Upon the arbor, all aglow,
The purple tinted grapes hang low;
They hide behind the leaves so broad,
And to the wind they often nod.
Oh, what a pretty place to play,
And watch the sun beams all the day !

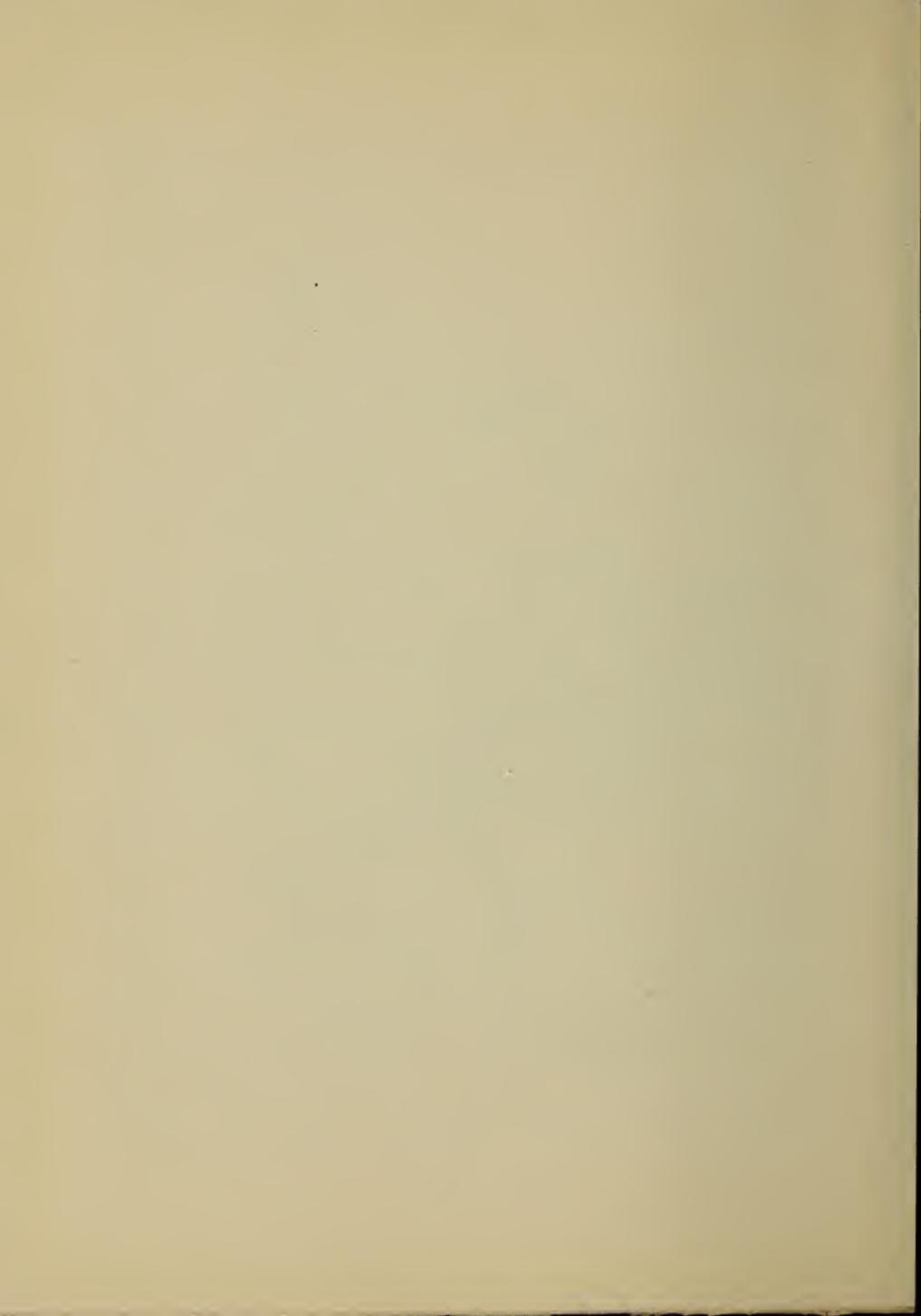
THE WORLD

THE world spins round and round, they say,
Just like my top;
Keeps whirling, whirling, night and day
Without a stop.

When we have wakened from the night
The Chinese sup;
But there's one thing I don't know quite,
Who winds it up?



THE WORLD



A JOURNEY

MY nurse and I went far away
Along the garden fence one day.
We passed the rows of holly-hocks,
And all the drowsy four-o'clocks ;
A bird that sat upon a rail
Was singing me a fairy tale ;
The warm winds tossed my curls about,
And made me glad that I was out.
I wished that I might longer stay
With birds and flowers and winds to play,
But when we reached the open lane,
We turned and came back home again.

BOY DREAMS

ACH night when I have said my prayers,
And all the others have said theirs,
And Mother kisses me in bed,
Then slips away till night has fled—
I close my eyes and sail afar
Into a land of mist and star.

The queerest things at times befall,
For I am not myself at all,
But just a tiny, happy boy
No bigger than my smallest toy.
My soldiers talk and move about,
And with them I march in and out.

The captain's pointing toward a hill,
Where sits a giant grim and still;
We march abroad to capture him,
With shining swords and bucklers trim,
But soon we see him fade away,
And fast become a castle gray.

Boy Dreams

I climb up in the orchard tree
That in the day's too high for me ;
And, as I look far down below,
I see a mystic river flow ;
And on it is my tiny ship
Just sailing off upon a trip.

And through the pleasant meadow sown
With friendly flowers, I go alone.
A magic horn lies in the grass,
I blow upon it as I pass ;
Then while the sound rings sweet and clear,
I wake to find that morning's here.

THE INVITATION

WILL you come to my tea party?
All my dollies will be there;
They will wear their best white dresses,
And new ribbons in their hair.

I've a tiny set of dishes
Just like Mother's—white and blue—
With six plates and cups and saucers,
And an extra one for you.

We'll have tea of milk and sugar,
With some little currant cakes;
Nora makes them for my dollies
Every Wednesday when she bakes.

We two will be grown-up ladies—
You must come, now, just at four;
And if you like this tea party,
Then, perhaps, we'll have some more.

IN THE PARK

ONE night the wind came out to play
When I was in the park;
The moon was watching through a cloud,
And lighted all the dark;
The shadows danced upon the wall,
And then an old tree said;
“I’m glad the leaves can have some fun
Before they go to bed.”

THE FAIRIES.

DEAR, do you know that fairies love each
laughing little child?

And always when you see one it is 'cause a baby's
smiled.

They're made from tiny patches of the rainbow
in the sky,

And are always bright and happy, for they
once have been so high.

They float to earth from Rainbow Land at just
the close of day;

'Tis when the sun in setting sends abroad a
violet ray.

They hide among the flowers sweet, or in the
grasses long,

And often by the brookside you will hear a
fairy's song.

They love the chirping crickets, and down in
the grassy dells,

The spiders weave them fairy swings among
the lily bells.

They love the silver moonlight, 'tis the color of
their wings,

The Fairies

They love the restless breezes for they whisper
magic things.

And on the shining water all the little people
float,
A leaf or tiny rosebud often serves them for a
boat.

Whene'er you see the fireflies out with lanterns
bright and trim,
Be sure they're guiding fairies safely through
the evening dim.

The bees sip honey for them from the cups of
nodding flowers,
And leave it with the dew drops hidden safe with-
in their bowers.

The butterflies quite often take the fairies for a
ride,
A prince may always ask for one to carry his
dear bride.

And always when a fairy goes back home to
Rainbow Land,
Her path is strewn with blossoms as a token
from her band.

THE MOON

ONE evening as we walked to church,
The moon was in the sky;
It followed us quite all the way
Though it was up so high.
And all the time we were inside
A-listening to the prayer,
It waited for us, 'cause you know,
When we came out, 'twas there!
And then it followed us again,
And made all light as day
Until we reached our very door,
And there it seemed to stay.
Now wasn't it a lovely moon
To shine for us that way?

THE LAND OF PLAY

I'VE traveled far in other lands,
I've sailed the seas and crossed the sands;
And many miles at home I've trod,
But I no longer go abroad.
For fairer than all lands afar,
'Neath tropic sun or northern star,
Though oft we lose the magic way,
Is just the happy Land of Play.

And once I dwelt within that land,
With others of a joyous band,
We sailed our boats on tiny seas,
We chased the butterflies and bees.
I was the Indian chief, or spy,
The knight that rides so bravely by,
The giant, or the piper gay,
In that far sunny Land of Play.

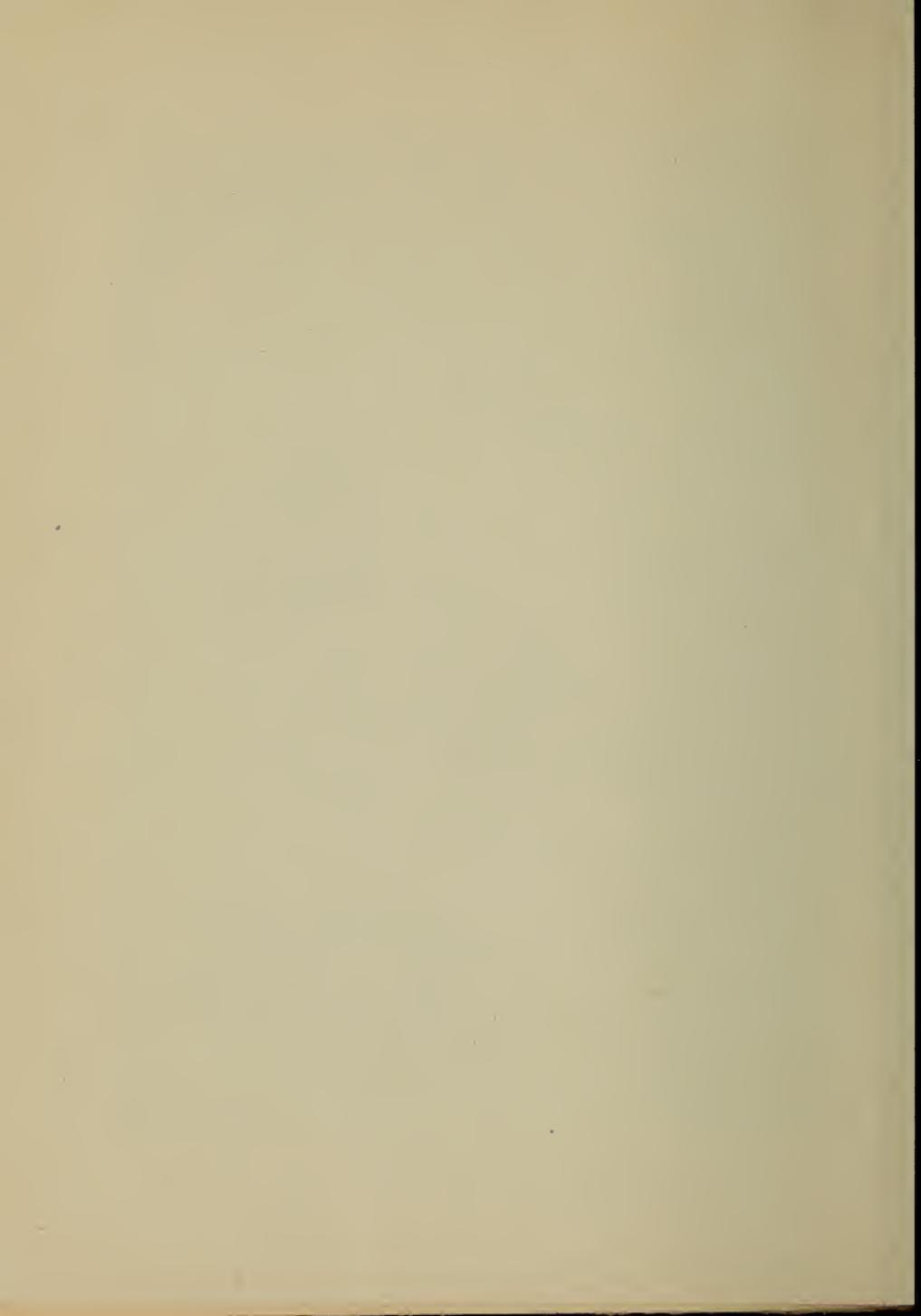
If I could find the road once more
To that best loved and distant shore,
Whose towers and ever gleaming spears
I still see dimly through the years;
Whose winding streams and forests deep
I visit only in my sleep—
I'd burn my boat, and there I'd stay,
Safe in the happy Land of Play.

THE SWING

UNDER the apple tree
Where shadows play
Hide and go-seek with me
All through the day—
There, where the robins nest,
Ho! for my swing!
Sailing away in air
Gaily I cling.
Oh, how the breezes blow
Blossoms aside!
Oh, how the grasses grow
Green as I ride!
Oh, how the flowers fade
Far down below,
As with the butterflies
Skyward I go!
Under the apple tree
Where shadows play
Hide and go-seek with me
All through the day.



THE SWING



THE SANDMAN

'**M**OST every night at eight o'clock,
Though often 'tis before—
The sandman comes a-creeping past,
And looks in at the door.

He's bent way over with a sack
Just brimming full of sand;
He hunts the little girls and boys
All up and down the land.

And one he finds upon the steps,
Another by the gate;
While some are playing with their dolls,
Although it's grown so late.

Sometimes a boy is in the house
All curled up in a chair;
But if the Sandman comes along
He finds him even there!

The Sandman

He throws the tiny golden grains
 Into the children's eyes;
They never see him going past—
 He's always a surprise!

They never can run after him,
 Or round the corner peep;
For always, when he leaves the town,
 The children are asleep.

STORY PEOPLE

I LOVE the story people,
For I know them best of all;
I visit them in many lands,
In places great and small.

Some live in stately castles
By the ever-changing sea;
And others live by magic
Just wherever they would be.

The witches and the goblins,
Or the giants great and tall;
The fairies and the princesses,
I know them one and all.

Bo-Peep and daring Robin Hood
Each take me by the hand,
To wander over hill and dale
Afar in Story Land.

Aladdin lends his magic lamp
To serve me as my guide;
And Alice tells of Wonderland,
With Boy Blue at her side.

Story People

Oh, I love the story people!

Don't you want to come with me,
To wear their crowns, and blow their horns,
And follow them to sea?

For they never will grow older,
And they'll never run away;
But they'll be ever waiting
For the child who's tired of play.

THE SLIDE

ONE, two, three!
Away we go,
Down the slide
All in a row.

Watch out there!
Some one is down,
I can't stop
For all in town.

Never mind,
We're safe at last,
In a heap
We came so fast.

Up we climb
To reach the top;
It's such fun
We'll never stop!

THE GYPSY CHILD

A ROVING Gypsy child I'd be,
With all Out-doors a home to me.
I'd listen to the bird notes wild
That make wood music for a child;
And seek the timid little flowers
That hide in nooks through summer hours;
I'd watch the squirrel beneath the tree,
And wish that he would play with me.
And then as Autumn passes by,
When woods are still, and winds are high,
I'd hear the rustle of her gown,
And steal a leaf from her gay crown.

BABY BROTHER

LITTLE baby brother I love
best of all;
Better than my play things, or my
oldest doll.
Better than a fairy tale, or the flowers
in spring;
He's so sweet I love him best of
any thing.

MY SHADOW

(WITH APOLOGIES TO R. L. STEVENSON)

I HAVE a little playmate who is never far
from me,
He skips and runs and dances just as nimbly as
can be;
He does the things that I do, in a very quiet
way,
But only when it's sunny can he come out doors
to play.

Sometimes he hides behind me, then he's very,
very small;
But if a fairy pinches him he grows up straight
and tall.
He dresses so much like me that you'd think he
was my twin;
And when we race together, we don't either of
us win!

He helps me dig the garden, and he helps me
feed my bird;
But he is very shy—indeed, he never speaks a
word!
Each day when Mother calls me in to take
my nap at three,
I wave my hand in parting, and my shadow
waves to me.

DREAMLAND BELLS

HARK! the dreamland bells are tinkling,
Do you hear their silver tone?
One by one the stars are twinkling,
They've a music of their own.

Now the fairies all are tripping
To the echoes in the dells;
Or from dew drops they are sipping
As they listen to the bells.

And the silken poppies blending
Their sweet fragrance with the air,
Are caressed by children bending,
Drowsy-eyed and smiling there.

When the day comes shyly peeping
Round the shadow of grey night,
Then the bells, their magic keeping,
All grow fainter with the light.

THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHER

I LOVE to walk with Father, for he's very
straight and tall;

My steps are not so long as his, but then you
know I'm small.

The tiny steps are made for boys, and great big
ones for men;

So when I grow up taller I shall walk
like Father then.

I think it's very queer how he got lost
into a man,

And can't tell where the boy has gone he was
when he began!

I'm going to ask the fairies to be watching,
so I'll know

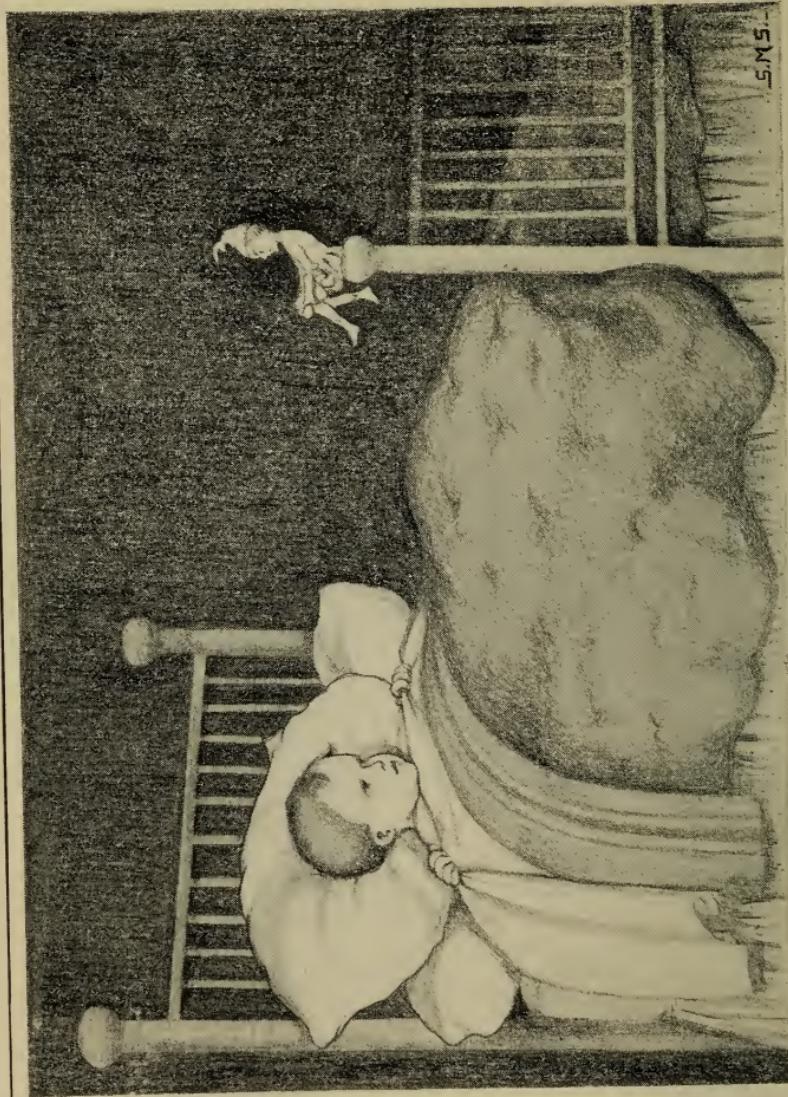
Where this boy "me" has wandered to, if I
begin to grow.

When I told Father that, he laughed, then said
he hoped I would,

So he'd not lose his little boy who's always
brave and good.

THE WISH

545



THE WISH

WHEN I am tucked in bed at night, and all
the lights are low,
A very funny little elf comes gaily on tip-toe.
He sits upon my bed post where he winks his
eye at me;
Then hides behind the coverlet, and thinks I
cannot see.
Sometimes he makes a funny bow, and wisely
nods his head;
“Now try your luck and wish,” says he, “each
night when you’re in bed.”
And once I only wished ‘twas light, I don’t know
why—just cause!
But what do you think came to pass? When I
awoke it *was*!

THE LAND OF NEVER-TO-BE

EVER and ever so far away,
In the Land of Never-to-be,
There lives a child who will always stay
Both tiny and happy like me.

His boats ever sail over tropical seas,
Where fairy winds guide them ashore;
And even the frailest and smallest of these
Is laden with treasure and store.

His loyal tin soldiers stand ever in line,
To wait but his word of command;
They win all his battles, and afterwards dine
On the choicest of fruits in the land.

And always there's waiting high up in a tower,
A princess surpassingly fair,
Who knows he will come at the magical hour
To capture her joyfully there.

But where is the kingdom that's holding today
This wonderful child like me?
It's ever and ever so far away,
In the Land of Never-to-be.

WISHES THREE

OH, when the moon man sends his boat across
the summer sea,
If you should spy his silver sail, he'll grant
you wishes three.

I'll wish to find the magic web that holds
our vanished dreams;
A wicked spider always steals them in the night,
it seems.

Then I will kiss a fairy just at twilight in the
wood,
For if I do, I'll always be quite happy, wise and
good.

I'll find a tiny mermaid, too, asleep within a
shell,
And she to me the secret fair of all the world
will tell.

And if I gain the magic web, the kiss, and
secret fair,
I shall hold all that child or man could wish
for any where.

THE MIRROR

THE moon is a mirror as every one knows,
For even the sun turns to look as he goes;
And so if you stood on its rim like an elf,
And gazed at its surface—you'd see but your-self!

THE LONELY BOY

I AM so very lonely—

They think I don't play fair;

And I have lost dear Rover,

For he's not any where.

I've looked out in the garden,

And all about the pond;

And even where the cows are

In Uncle's field beyond.

My engine, too, is broken

And won't stay on the track;

I wish it could be mended,

And Rover would come back—

For I'm so very lonely,

And no one seems to care—

But I w-will not cry,

I'll be a man—so there!

A RESOLUTION

I WILL never go to school when I am big
like Kate;

'Cause there's so much more to learn than just
what's on a slate.

I'll find where the shadows hide, each time
the sun goes out,

And why it is that fairy folk so seldom
come about.

Why the fishes never drown way down beneath
the sea;

Why my little brother Jack will not play dolls
with me.

Why the good things make you sick, and bad
stuff makes you well;

Why, if you've a secret, you should always
want to tell.

I will not have time for school, there'll be so
much to do;

Daddy says he is afraid I never will get
through!

THE TIN SOLDIERS

I LEAVE my soldiers every night upon the nursery floor;
For even if they're made of tin like others in the store,
A fairy, with her magic wand, could say,
"Now be alive!"
They'd fight brave battles then in war, and for their country strive.
But always one I hide away, safe in the corner there,
Because he only has one leg, and if he knew, he'd care.
Then soon as morning comes again I place him with the rest,
And make him captain over all because I love him best.

BEFORE THE FIRE

UPON the rug I love to lie,
With just the open fire nearby,
And feel the magic of its glow,
Or watch the pictures come and go.
I see brave soldiers dressed in blue,
With gleaming swords and helmets, too ;
I fear the witch, with angry frown,
Who seeks her cat in Ember Town ;
I spy the castles tall and grey,
Each looming up so far away ;
While on a misty mountain there,
A fairy princess binds her hair ;
I wish that she would bow to me,
I wonder what her name may be ;
But in a moment she has fled,
And I go silently to bed.





AT THE SEASHORE

AT THE SEA SHORE

DOWN by the sunny sea shore there are miles
and miles of sand!

I build great hills and tunnels, or a castle tall
and grand.

I have a blue tin bucket with a very tiny spade,
And if I tuck my skirts up, so, I may go out to
wade.

The waves run up to play with me with such a
funny roar,

And soon as one is tired out the ocean makes
some more.

I gather pretty sea shells, too, that lie along
the beach;

My Mother always tells me that a fairy lived in
each.

And sometimes in the ripples I can sail my
dolly's boat;

Though often it tips over, yet quite often it
will float.

At night there is a silver path far out upon the
sea,

And then the moon peeps through a cloud, and
stares and stares at me!

THE IDOL

MY big brother's eight years old, and I am
only three.

He can do most anything, play horse, or climb
a tree.

He'll slide down the cellar-door, or walk the
garden wall;

He is not a bit afraid, and doesn't ever fall.

He can sail his new red kite so high up in the air,
That unless you saw the string you'd say it
wasn't there.

He can spin a top, and shoot his marbles with
his thumbs;

But when he comes home from school he cannot
do his sums !

TIRED OUT

I'VE sent my boat a sailing, and I've tumbled
in the hay

To hide from elves and fairies there, so many
times today;

I've played at being soldier, and I've climbed
up in the tree

To peep into the birds' nests, and I'm tired as
I can be.

I'll rest beneath these willows, for they make a
pleasant nook,

To-morrow I'll go fishing all along the sunny
brook;

But now I'll close my eyes awhile—until you
count to ten,

I lost my knife, “six, seven, eight”—I wonder
was
it
when—

THROUGH THE WINDOW

ONE time when I was very ill and stayed
in bed all day,
I didn't have to dress at all, and didn't want
to play.

But through the window wide I saw the tree-top
world near by,
Where tiny nests with tiny eggs were cradled
safe and high.

The birds kept hopping in and out on branches
high and low;
I wished so much that one would wait to sing
before he'd go.

And farther off, against the blue, the clouds
piled white and high;
Just like a towered city built by angels in
the sky.

Sometimes the towers tumbled down or turned
to something strange;
I loved to watch things melt away, or fade
into a change.

Through the Window

And once, when I had looked quite long, I saw
an angel's wing;
'Twas white and soft and feathery, as plain
as anything.

And always after that there came a bird who
sang a song.

Now don't you s'pose the angel knew I'd wanted
him so long?

WAITING FOR FATHER

WHEN we have played out doors all day
And finished all our sums,
Then hand in hand upon the steps we wait 'till
Father comes.

I speak to tell about the horse that trampled
on our lawn,
Then Charlie says, "It's my turn now, you told
that Fido's gone."

When I would tell about the bird that pussy
scared away,
Says he, "I'll tell about the jam that Mother
made to-day."

When we see Father down the street, we both
run out to meet him,
And it's a race to see which one can be the first
to greet him.

Dear Father takes me by one hand and Charlie
by the other;
And as we walk along he says: "Now, tell me,
what of Mother?"

Waiting for Father

Then right away we start to talk, it doesn't
matter whether
"Tis Charlie's turn or mine, because we tell him
both together!

GOOD MORNING

THE sun is peeping round the hill
Just like a big surprise.

Awake, my pretty little one,
'Tis time for you to rise!

The mouse has gone to seek his hole,
The owl has vanished, too.

The birds, and brooks, and shady nooks,
Are all in wait for you.

The daisies and the buttercups
Are dancing in the sun;
The blue sky, too, looks down on you,
Now that the day's begun.

The morning fairies long have supped
The dew to make them wise;
'Tis time, my pretty little one,
For you to wake, and rise!

GOOD-NIGHT

THE sun is sleeping in the skies,
Each bird is in his nest,
The wind is crooning lullabies,
'Tis time to be at rest.

The flowers are nodding too, it seems,
Each lamb is in the fold;
The stars are shining o'er the streams,
Now day's last hour is told.

Oh, fear not that the shadows grow,
The night and silence, too,
But mean thy Lord, long years ago,
Was once a babe like you.

THE LITTLE DRESSMAKER

THE fashions change so often of sewing
there's no end.

And Betty is quite hard to fit because she
does not bend.

She wants a dress of satin with ruffles and a
train;

And she has really promised not to wear it in
the rain.

It seems I should have patience each time my
work begins,

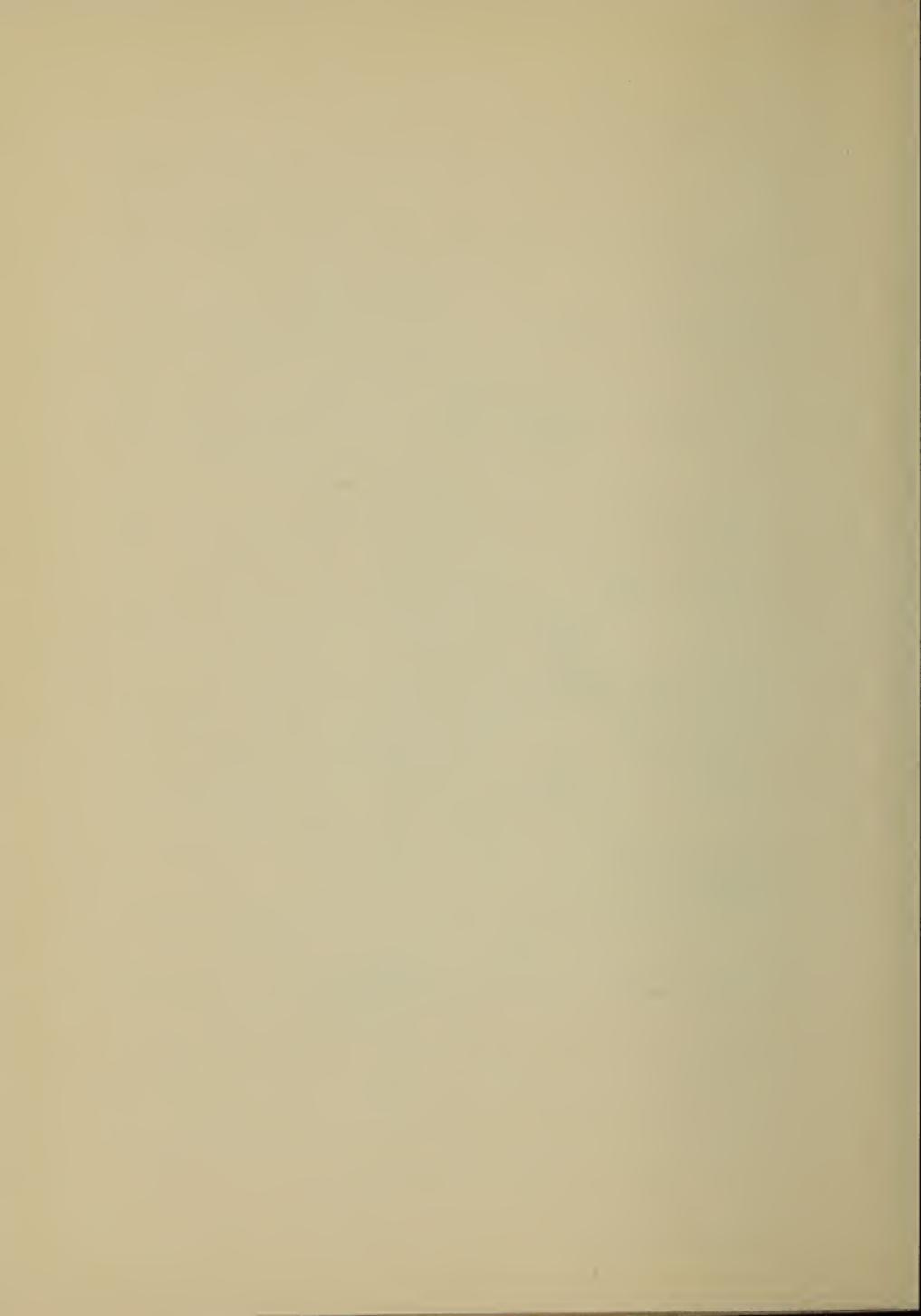
For Betty's not a bit cross when she is stuck
with pins.

I s'pose she thinks 'tis better to bear the pain
awhile,

For when the dress is finished, she'll surely
be in style.



THE LITTLE DRESSMAKER



SHADOW PEOPLE

ALWAYS at night when the moon's looking
down

Upon the still garden and over the town,
The Shadow Land people come hither to play—
They've hidden in tree branches all through
the day,

And back of the chimneys, and under the hill,
They come peeping only when everything's still.

They dance, and they beckon, and wave to you
so

You feel that, perhaps, they are people you
know.

The wind is their music, and all the night long,
It lures you to join them in dance and in song;
For these little shadows that scamper and play,
Are cousins of those that you see every day.

IN THE FARAWAY

JUST now we're only playmates, but in
the Faraway,
Suppose we cross the borders beyond the
Land of Play—
Suppose we be two sweethearts, and wander
where, it seems,
There flows a mystic river on through the
Land of Dreams.
Suppose we choose to guide us the one
loved magic Star;
And we'll be ever happy in that fair land afar!

GRANDMA

DEAR Grandma sits serene and mild,
And drinks her cup of tea;
But once she was a tiny child
And played with dolls like me.

She tells me tales of other days,
Of other lands afar,
About queer children and their ways,
And what their playthings are.

So when my hair's no longer gold,
My dolls no longer new,
I hope to tell quaint tales and old,
And be a Grandma too.

THE REASON WHY

WHY does the moon shine overhead
All through the night while we're in bed?
God placed it there so he may know
If all is safe down here below.
Behind each star an angel stands,
The star's the taper in her hand;
And when you see its light grow dim,
Then fade behind a cloud's dark rim,
Among the wonders in the sky
It bears a tale to God on high.

A SACRIFICE

I KNOW a lonely little girl
Who wants a really doll;
She's never had one of her own,
No, never one at all!

Nor can she run about and play,
Like either you or me,
For since she fell she's very lame—
It's sad as sad can be.

I've stood my dollies in a row;
There's Meg and Mary Ann,
And funny Tim, the sailor boy,
And Bella with the fan.

But I have chosen Linda Jane
To send her by and by—
And Linda, dear, be very good,
And never, never cry,

Because I love you best of all,
And she'll be ever true;
For even if you're just a doll,
You know you've fallen, too!

CASTLES

ANY thing I wish for I can fashion with
my blocks;
Sometimes it's a fortress standing high upon
the rocks—
Sometimes it's a castle like the ones we see in
books,
And, when it is finished, very fine and grand it
looks!
Auntie tells how big folks love to build their
castles too,
As high as clouds in summer when the sky is
clear and blue.
But they build them always in the sunny
land of Spain,
Where, when they are finished, they soon tumble
down again!
Funny, funny grown-ups! Now mine are made
to stay.
Don't you think a little child knows better
how to play?

THE LAND OF NOD

FAR and away in the Land of Nod,
The dreams and the sugar plums grow;
They hang on the trees, and sway in the breeze,
As they did in the long ago.

Always at dusk in the Land of Nod,
The tired little children stray;
They reach for the dreams, though every one
seems
To be farther and farther away.

All through the night in the Land of Nod,
The dolls and the soldiers of tin
Keep watch o'er the gate, lest some one should
wait,
Who wishes to enter therein.

Truly the stars in the Land of Nod,
Are candles that burn very low;
They shine without end, where the fond Mothers
bend,
O'er the path that all little ones know.

THE GHOST

MY nurse tells lots of stories but the one
I like the most,

Is 'bout a white and silent thing that people
call a ghost.

It glides about in corners, or in lanes and hol-
lows drear;

And even wise folks tremble if they think a
ghost is near.

But nurse says it is cowardly to fear such
peaceful things,

For ghosts are only angels that have lost
their pretty wings!



THE GHOST



THE TALISMAN

BEFORE the fairy clocks have rung
Down in the meadow grass,
Before the last sweet note is sung
By children as they pass—

Suppose we linger by the gate
Of Childhood's garden fair,
And tell each one—'tis not too late,
A magic story there.

Which shall it be, The Singing Leaves,
Aladdin's Lamp so bright,
Or Ali Baba's Forty Thieves,
Or lonely Crusoe's plight?

Brave Robin Hood, beloved Bo-Peep,
Or Cinderella true,
Rapunzel in her tower asleep,
Or even tired Boy Blue?

Fair Alice in her Wonderland,
The Golden River's King,
Tom Thumb, so little and so grand,
The Niebelungen Ring?

The Talisman

Loved Jason and the Golden Fleece,
Titania's train so gay,
Another myth of Ancient Greece,
Of giant, witch or fay?

It matters not which tale you tell,
The magic charm is there;
And if the child but listens well,
'Twill serve him anywhere.

In after years when far away
On either land or sea,
A talisman, by night or day,
The tale will prove to be.

For he has but to con it o'er,
He need no longer wait—
'Twill take him back to Childhood's shore,
And open wide the gate.

THE RAIN

Drip, drip, on the pane,
Patter, pitter, patter!
All the birds and trees and flowers
Wonder what's the matter.

Drop, drop, hear again
Pitter, pitter, pitter!
When the sun lights trees and flowers
Birds begin to twitter.

THE BEST GIFT

I CAME to earth one Christmas Eve
Not very long ago;
When all the silver stars looked down
Upon a world of snow.

I cannot tell you of the carols
We sang that happy year;
Nor of the tree and all the gifts—
Now don't you think that's queer?

I asked dear Mother one day, though,
As I sat on her knee,
Which gift she liked the very best—
She smiled, and said 'twas me!

A LETTER TO GRANDPA

DEAR Grandpa, I am writing,
To tell you that I'm well.

I wonder if you're coming
Each time I hear the bell.
Won't you please come home soon?

I miss you every day,
A-sitting by the window
While I am out at play.

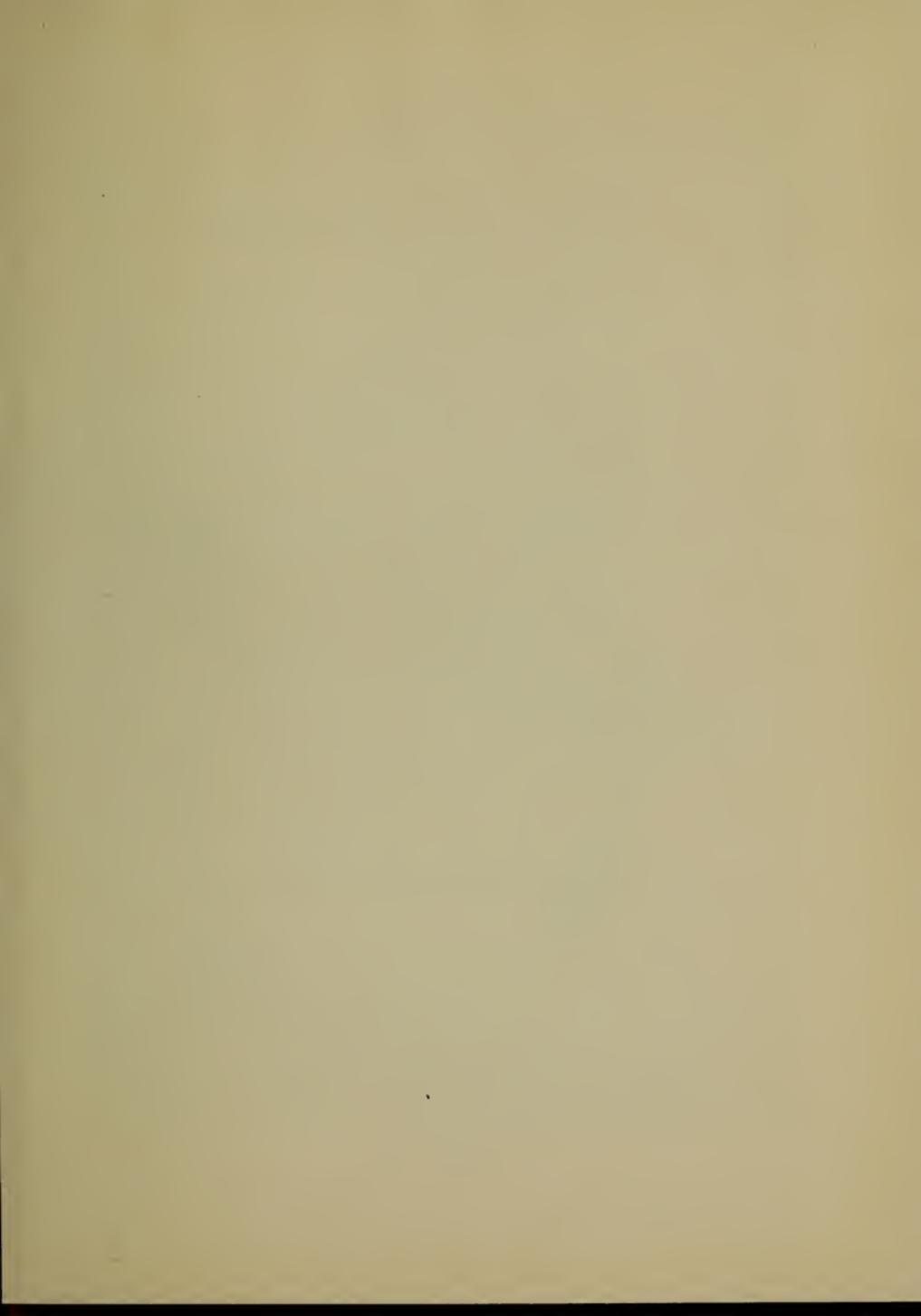
I wish you would come home soon,
I miss you every night,
When sitting by the fireside
With playthings out of sight,
You tell me strange old stories
About the Trojan war;
Oh, won't you please come home soon?
I want to hear some more.

THE SEE SAW

NOW high, then low,
In turn we go
Upon the see-saw swaying;
While blossoms white,
So fair and light
Above our heads are straying.

Both fast and slow,
As soft winds blow,
We ride so gaily clinging;
While here and there,
And everywhere,
The merry birds are winging.

Then to and fro,
Above, below,
The shadows long are fleeting;
And when at play
Another day,
Our song we'll be repeating.





—S.M.S—

BUBBLES

BUBBLES

MERRY, merry bubbles,
 Ever light and gay,
How I love to watch them,
 As they sail away!

See this one still floating
 Lightly on the air,
Full of pretty colors
 Caught from everywhere?

See that one, now drifting
 Through the window wide,
Gone to find a sunbeam
 On the other side?

See the third one rising
 Far above the rest,
With the blue sky through it?
 Oh, I love it best!

Now a breeze is stirring,
 But 'twill soon be past;
Ah! the merry bubbles—
 There! they've burst at last!

THE SAILOR

THE sailor loves the restless waves
That toss his ship at sea;
He loves the winds from rocky caves
That blow both wild and free.

He loves his pipe and merry song,
His compass ever true;
He loves the moon that sails along
A ship of pearl and dew.

He loves the sky serene and mild,
The gulls that seaward soar;
But best of all he loves the child
Who waits for him on shore.

THE WAITING STAR

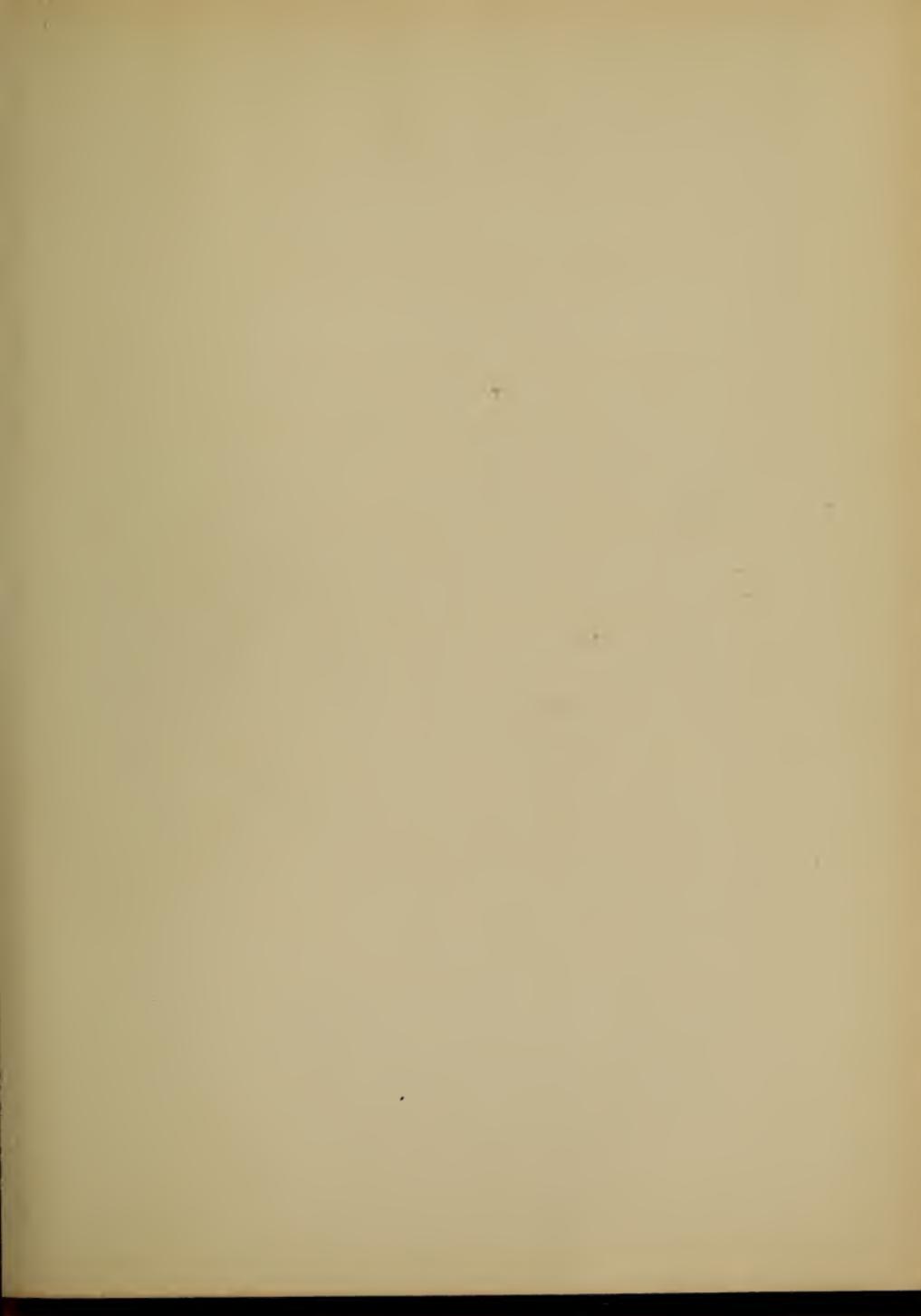
MY child, one tiny gleaming star,
Is yours that shines in Heaven afar;
It's twinkling at you, for 'tis late,
And yet the sleepy star must wait
To guide you into Slumberland,
Where nodding poppies nightly stand,
And pleasant dreams like pictures go,
All passing silently and slow.
Where fairy bells ring far and clear
To lure the drowsy children near,
For only when its light is shed
Each waiting star may go to bed.

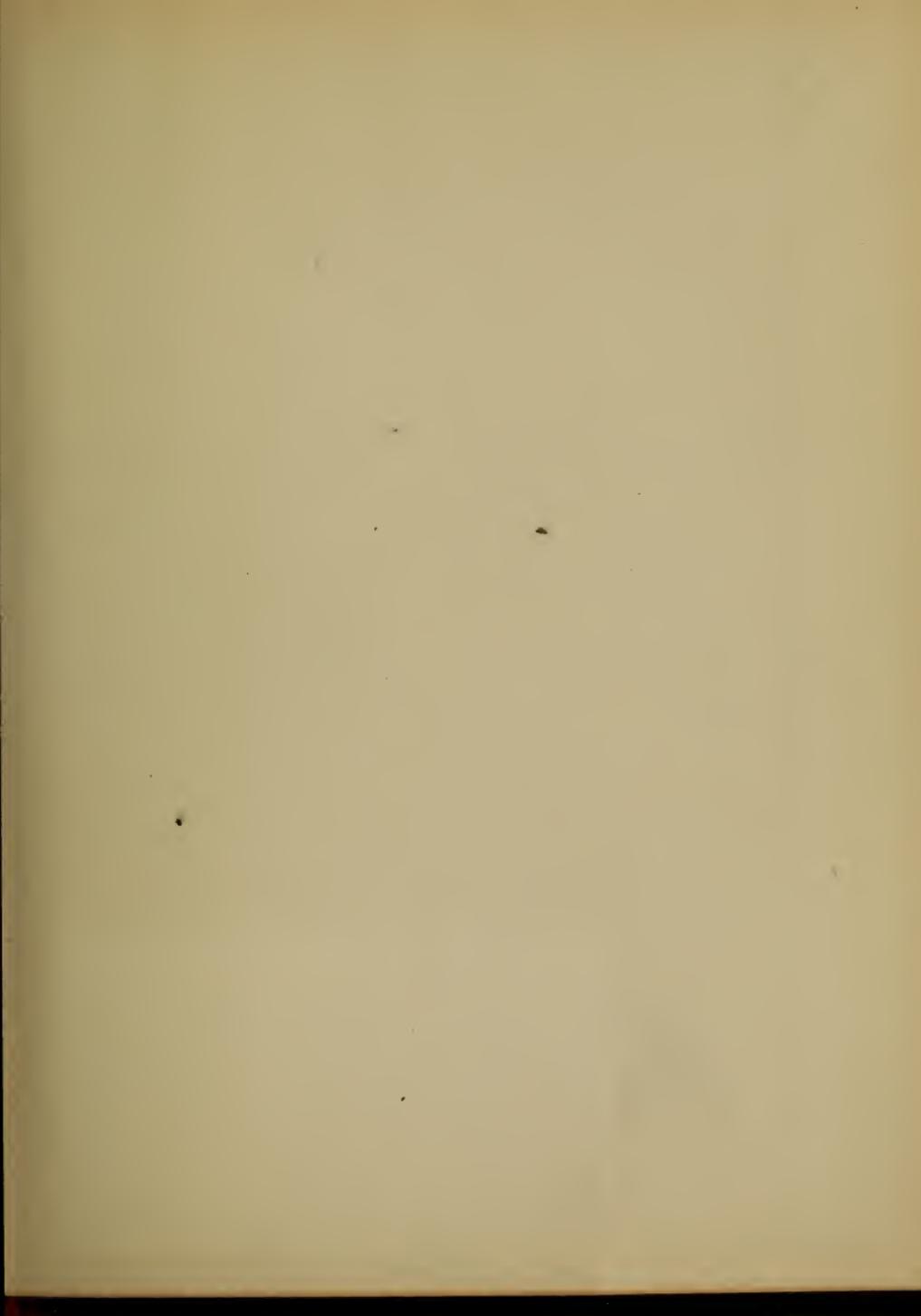
THE HILLS OF DREAM

THE Hills of Dream before me lie,
And some far day perhaps I'll try
To climb their magic way.

Surrounded by a purple mist
Their heights await me, sunbeam-kissed,
When I am through with play.

Afar, without my toys, I'll go
Where fairy winds but seldom blow,
Through winding paths I'll stray.
And 'though I'll wish for golden luck,
Yet may I be content to pluck
A dream rose day by day.

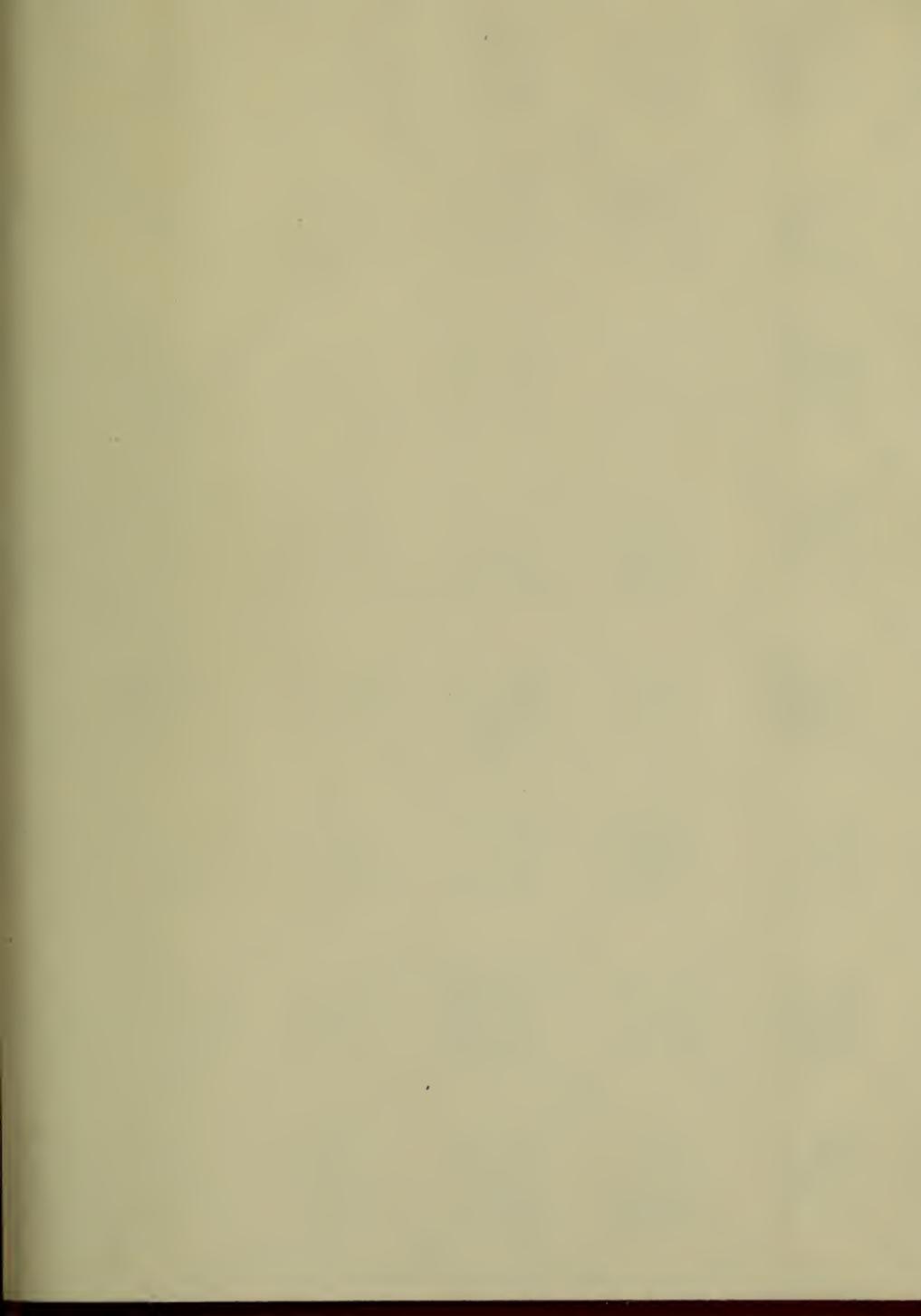


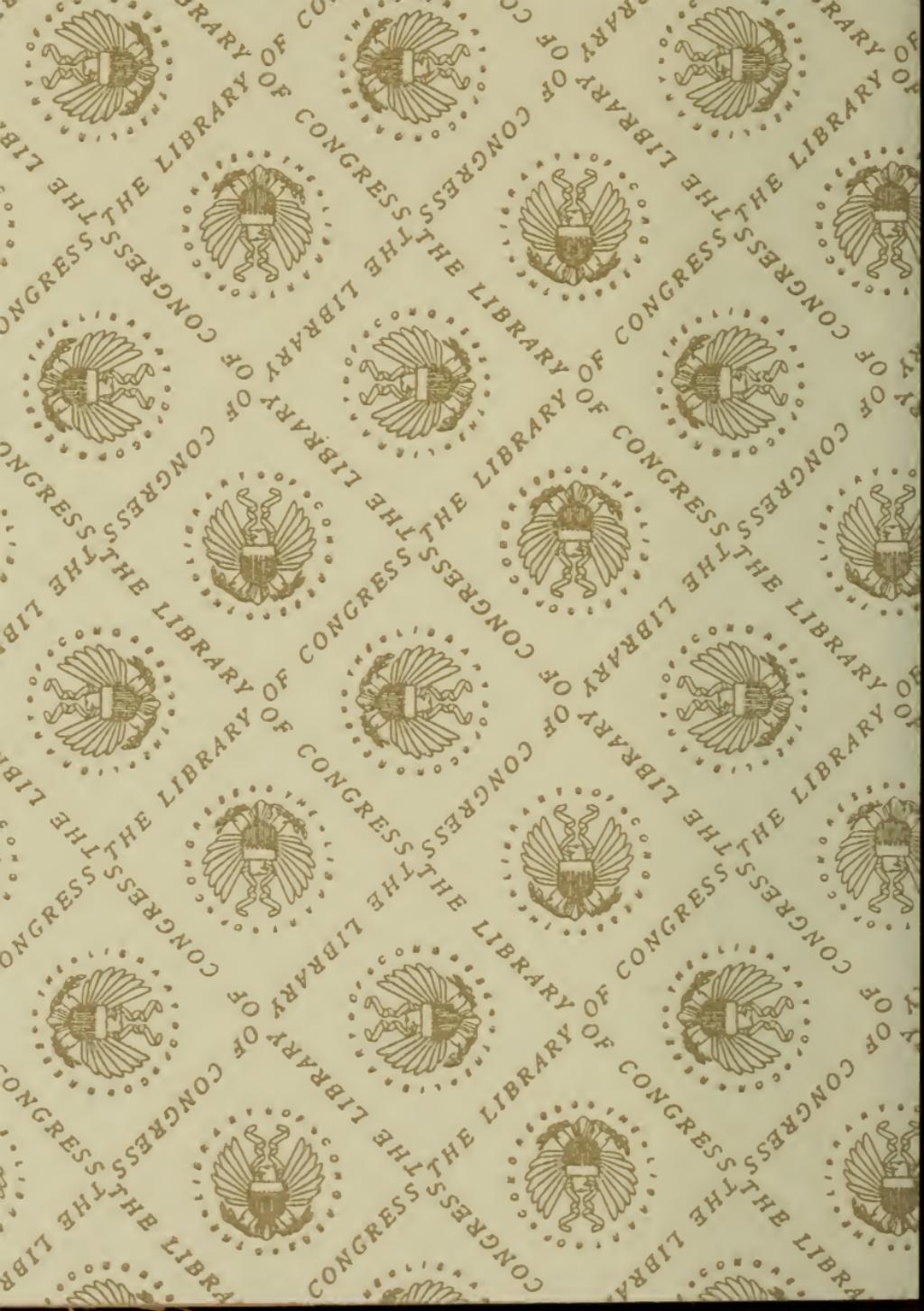


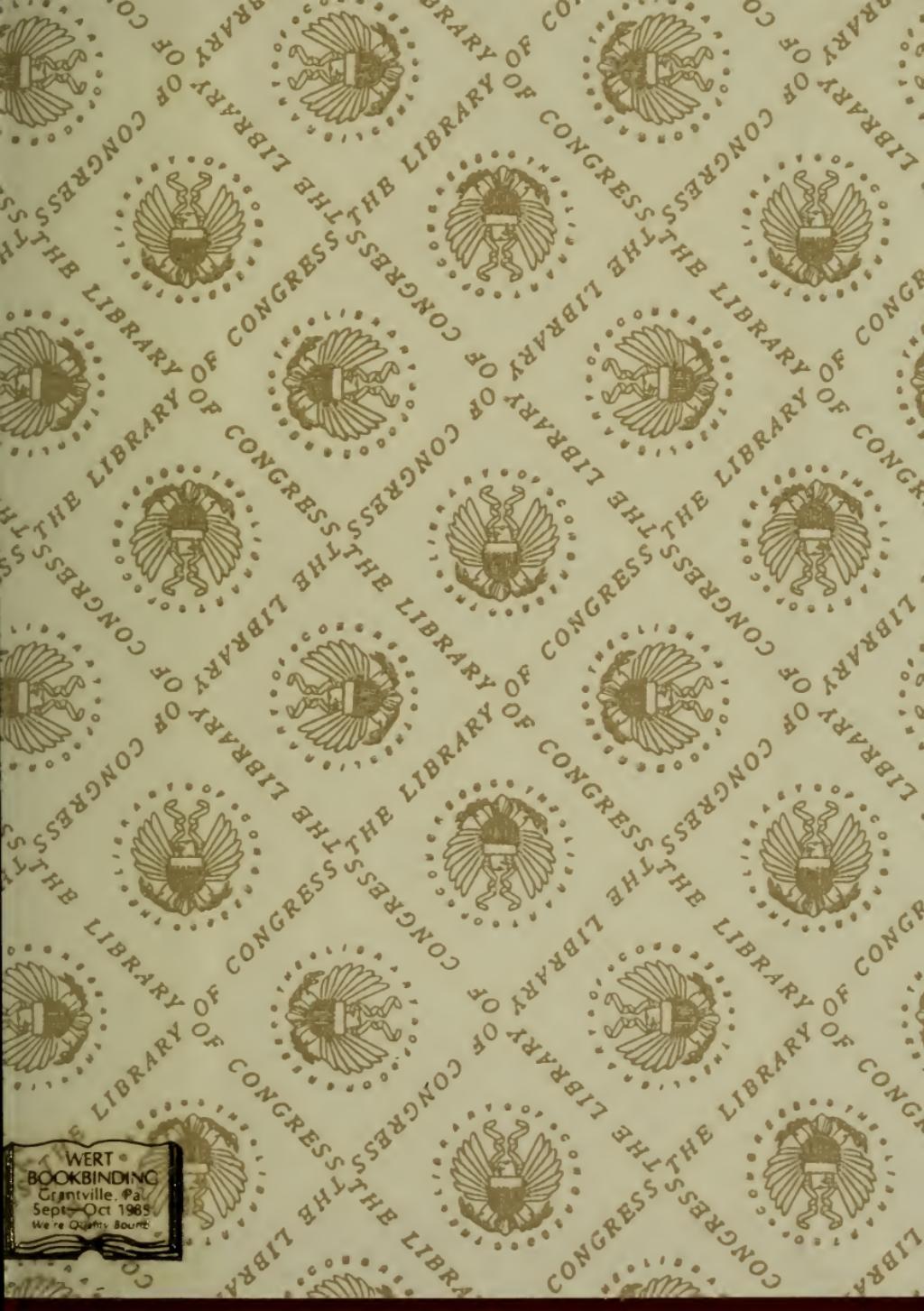
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